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I am constantly adding to my stock fresh

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Always on hand.

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I haven't space to enumerate every article

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vinced that I am selling

FIRST-CLASS GOODS VERY

CHEAP!

Physician's Prescriptions Carefully

Compounded, Day or Night.

Thanking the public for their very liberal

patronage in the past and soliciting a continu-

ance, I remain, Respectfully yours,

C. O. HOLTON.

Pagan Myo, on the bank of the Irrawaddy, just above Minia, and now in possession of the British troops, is the ancient capital of Burmah and in ruins. It extends for two miles along the river and is choked with jungle. Its pagodas are almost countless, and one of them ranks next to the famous Taj Mahal. The neighboring hills are dotted with ruined pagodas razed by the hill tribes (who are not Buddhists) for the sake of the gold and silver images of Gautama buried beneath each when it was founded.

Late English papers contain an order from the privy council which requires every local authority in England, Wales and Scotland to slaughter within two days of the existence of the disease becoming known to them all swine affected with swine fever, and all swine which have been in contact with such affected swine, the compensation in the former case being fixed at one-half the value of the animal and in the latter case at the full value.

M. DeLesseps, the great constructor of canals, has been making some statements that agriculturists might think of with profit. He says that one pound of flour is worth three pounds of beef. He asks why cereals are fed to cattle, hogs and sheep. "Why not," he says, "eat the grain instead of feeding it to animals?" He says that England is supporting 82,000,000 cattle, sheep and hogs upon cereals she herself raises, while she imports flour from America to feed her people.

The supreme court of Indiana has just decided that where property has been destroyed by fire from sparks negligently permitted to escape from a locomotive the owner may recover its full value from the railway company, notwithstanding the fact that the property was fully insured and the insurance company had paid the loss. In other words, if a person happens to be lucky enough to have his building burned by a chance spark, and also has it insured in a solvent company, he may get twice its value in solid cash.

A company of Americans are to lay a paper railway in Russia. The uses of paper are becoming amazingly extended, and will be likely to do some queer tricks with rhetoric as people now may think. Perhaps it will not seem strange some years hence to read in a newspaper of a locomotive "fiercely flagellating the all-enduring paper rails, and striking fire and thunder from them at every mighty bound," but it seems now as though it would. Inevitably cannon balls will come to be made of paper, and the New Yorker of the future may learn with sorrow and alarm of the demolition of Fort Hamilton by the "heavy paper ball" poured upon it by a hostile vessel lying far out at sea.

Now, when the mercury sinks out of sight and the water-pipes freeze up, there is a timely renewal of the proposition to dam the Strait of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador, so as to deflect the Arctic current which now passes through, turning it eastward and allowing the warm water of the Gulf Stream to flow northward close to the shores. It is claimed that this warding off of the frigid waters would give a mild and genial climate from Nova Scotia to Cape Hatteras, like that of Spain and Northern Italy in the same latitude. This stringing of new isothermal lines will be expensive, and the scheme is no likely to prosper. But it is better to dam the Strait of Belle Isle than to impregnate the weather.

During the past decade the savings banks of the United States have decreased to the number of fifty, while their total resources have increased \$237,000,000, and the aggregate amount of their deposits \$189,000,000. The average amount to each depositor has fluctuated from \$352 to \$356. From the best information obtainable the number of savings banks at the present time, by geographical divisions, is as follows:

	No.	Capital
New England.....	420	\$100,000,000
Middle States.....	138	63,000,000
Southern States.....	5	550,000
Western States.....	48	2,721,000
Totals.....	611	\$4,000,000

Of the total number of savings banks about 590 are without capital, which explains in the table above the small amount of total capital.

The territory of Alaska is so far away and in the popular imagination is so closely associated with polar bears and everlasting snows that, though it is part and parcel of the United States of America, but little is known of it by Americans. There are reasons now for the belief that at no distant day Alaska will be more familiar to the people under whose protection it was placed by the purchase of 1875, and it would not be surprising if, in the development of its undoubted mineral and timber resources, it should become one long and important and influential State. The territory is of vast extent, having more than 4,000 miles of seacoast, and so varied is its climate that, while portions of it are almost uninhabitable, other sections are, by reason of the warm currents from the Pacific ocean, made as salubrious as the middle Southern States.

LOVE RULES THE HALL AND CO.

You ask me "What is love?"
Permit me two replies,
A dew-drop from above,
A sunbeam from the sky,
A thing of heavenly birth,
A germ of holy life—
In every spot of earth.
In human calm or strife,
A flower in every heart,
Its seed spontaneous springs;
Aroused by Cupid's dart,
Or fanned by angel's wings,
The essence of a hymn
Sung by a heavenly choir;
But not a coxcomb's whim,
Or coquette's trail desire.

Like Persian lily white—
"Is always pure and true;
A beacon in the night,
A star in skies of blue.
"Is hope and faith and trust,
Affection, truth, and joy,
Not the red glare of lust,
Nor passion's base alloy.
A bud of native grace
In every human mind,
In every maiden's face—
Or rugged or refined;
In every manly breast
It reigns supremely bright,
And gleams upon the crest
Of every gallant knight.

Love guides us as we roam
O'er all the ways of life,
Seeks holiest ties of home—
The husband and the wife,
The parent and the child,
Where'er he casts his lot,
In hamlet or in wild,
Love rules the hall and cot.
—From the Spanish of Senora De Arma.

THE PAWNBROKER'S STORY.

He was a little, old man, dried and grizzled, with gray hair, thin and scraggy, which matched his beard and suited his tanned complexion and wrinkled face as if it had been ordered for that especial purpose.

"Thirty years in one shop," he mused more to himself than to his vis-a-vis in a cozy little uptown chop house the other evening. "That's a long time to be a pawnbroker, I began," he continued, after a short pause, "in a shop in Paris over forty years ago as errand boy, and worked my way up to the proprietorship. Pawnbrokers' shops in France, as you probably have heard, are not managed by the Jews exclusively. I was born in London and went to Paris a boy. It is a business which develops shrewdness if a man has any of that quality in his composition, and if he hasn't he had better retire or sell out to some man who has. The Parisian rogues are as sharp, unscrupulous and deceitful as those you have in New York, and the methods of swindling and cheating of ingenuity. Even the most experienced money lender is imposed upon at times. When I was young in the business a young mechanic came to me one day with a cheap silver watch which he wanted five francs for. It wasn't worth over ten, and I loaned him the money. The next week he reclaimed the watch, telling me it was an heirloom in his family, and money could not buy it. He was an honest young fellow, and I believed him. About a week later he came in and borrowed five francs again, which he repaid with interest at the end of the week. This sort of thing ran on for five or six weeks, until I began to look on him as a steady customer. Finally one day he came into the shop overcome with emotion.

"'Mon Dieu,' he exclaimed, 'I am ruined.'"

"What is the matter?" I inquired kindly, for I regarded him as an old friend.

"My father is in prison, and I must have money to pay his fine. It was not his fault that he was arrested. He interfered to save a man he never saw before from being killed, and was arrested by the officers, and fined for disturbing the peace."

"How much money do you want?" I asked.

"Fifty francs," he answered, "but I have no security save this poor, little watch of mine, and it is not worth a fraction of that amount."

"Give it to me," I replied, and I counted out the money to him.

"I have the watch to this day," he said.

"Some years later," continued the old man, "when I had been in the business long enough to be a judge of character as well as diamonds, a tall, well-dressed young woman came into my shop and asked to see me personally. I thought to have told you that the police exercise a strict surveillance over pawnshops in Paris, so that the clues which lead to the detection of many a criminal are discovered. As I was about to say, this young woman, who appeared to be long to the upper class of house servants, asked to see me, and when I stepped into the shop she implored me to grant her a private interview, so we went into my back office where we could be quite alone. I didn't at this time think anything of this, so accustomed was I to such requests from women unacquainted with pawnshops. After we had seated ourselves she asked me if I took diamonds in pledge. I said that I did.

"Then she reached into her dress pocket and drew out a silk handkerchief which was knotted and bunched. This she undid, and in a few minutes spread out upon her lap the most gorgeous display of diamonds my eyes ever beheld. They were of all sizes, all uncut, and in the sunlight they shone and sparkled dazzlingly. I was amazed. At once a suspicion flashed across my mind.

"Where did you get these?" I asked.

"My father," she replied, "is a diamond merchant, and he received these stones from a smuggler. He has been apprehended twice by the police, and does not dare dispose of them. There can be no danger though in my taking them, for no one can identify them, and I will sell them to you at such a low figure that you will find it profitable to buy them."

"I went to bed that night rather well pleased with my bargain, but when I was confronted with a government detective the next morning I felt apprehensive regarding the outcome of the affair. This officer questioned me closely concerning my visit of the day before, and what loans I had made. When I told him that I had loaned ten thousand francs upon a large lot of uncut diamonds he demanded the privilege of examining them. Of course, I could not refuse. After looking at them carefully, making copious notes, taking the name of the young woman, a description of her appearance and such other information as I could give him, he went away leaving me in a very unpleasant frame of mind. I can tell you. Later in the day he returned to the shop with a tall, cleanly shaven man wearing a preternaturally grave expression and carrying under his heavy black eyebrows a pair of restless gray eyes, which steadfastly refused to look up straight in the face. I didn't like his looks. He was introduced to me as M. Paul Denis, business manager of the affairs of Mme. Medil, whose handsome residence on Rue Voltaire is one of the features of that avenue. He looked at the diamonds with the official air of one who had been asked to produce and identified them positively, without question, as belonging to Mme. Medil. When I told him who had pawned them he identified the young woman as a frequent visitor at the house of his employer and an intimate friend of one of the butlers named Jacques Volson. At these revelations I was much amazed. I was much amazed. I felt sure some frightful crime had been committed. I gave up my francs as hopelessly gone and I would have felt gratified if I could have been assured that I too would not be involved in the trouble. After the two men had finished the examination of the stones I begged them to tell me what had occurred, when the officer took pity on me and told me with great secrecy that Mme. Medil had been found murdered in her bed—strangled—three nights before and her jewels, together with a small fortune in money and securities, had been stolen. Suspicion was fastened upon the business manager, who had been in the house that afternoon, and he was promptly arrested. He, however, protesting his innocence and induced the officers to allow him to assist them in discovering the real culprit and had visited with an officer at the pawnshops in the city with the result above stated.

"The officer gave me a receipt for the diamonds, which he carried away, and I was placed under bonds to appear when wanted as a witness. In the course of a day or so the facts of the murder were given to the newspapers. It was then discovered that 21 Rue Colbert, which Marie Blanc had given as her address, was a batch shop, and she was totally unknown to the proprietor or the neighbors. This puzzled the police greatly. It was a month before they were able to learn where she had gone. Jacques Volson, whom the business manager had associated with her in his testimony, had also disappeared and all traces of him were lost too. At last they found that Marie Blanc had sailed for England the day after selling the jewels, and had not been seen since she landed in London on the night of the same day. The disappearance of the butler and the young woman, taken together with the pawning of the jewels and the lack of any direct evidence against M. Denis, induced the police to release him, although for months afterward he was kept under strict surveillance. My diamonds in the meanwhile reposed in the vaults of the government waiting for further developments in this very mysterious case.

"It was," continued the pawnbroker, "at least six months after the murder that the police received notification from Brussels that a lot of diamonds precisely like those which belonged to Marie Blanc, had been pawned in a shop in that city for a large sum of money. The Paris police at once sent a detective to investigate the matter. Surely enough, he found the diamonds in the shop. I had bought, even to those blemishes which marked my purchases. Then, too, they had been pawned by a young woman answering the description of Marie Blanc. The goods were confiscated at once, the pawnbroker was arrested and the city searched for the young woman. This time diligence was rewarded. The police arrested her just as she was about to leave the city disguised as an old market-woman. As soon as this news was flashed to Paris the officers hastened to the house of M. Denis to arrest him, and they were none too soon, as he was about to leave, and probably would have made his escape within a very few minutes.

"Now," said the pawnbroker, "here is the strange part of this long story. Marie Blanc had concealed about her person three more sets of diamonds, each exactly like the one which M. Denis also had a set with him. The two prisoners were taken before the magistrate without either having an opportunity to communicate with the other. Both maintained a brave demeanor until they were fetched together, then they broke down entirely. The six sets of diamonds were produced, and it was found that the one which M. Denis had in his possession was the only genuine set, the rest being made of paste, but so cleverly done that the best expert could not have detected the imposture. When confronted with such indubitable proofs of their collusion, each confessed. M. Denis was the murderer. Marie Blanc was his accomplice. Jacques Volson had left the house a week before the murder to go upon a sheep ranch in Australia, and had nothing whatever to do with the crime. The real diamonds were neatly counterfeited by Denis, who had learned that trade in his younger days, and Marie had been sent out to pawn the jewels for two reasons. One was to raise money and the other was to divert suspicion from the real criminal, who would have fled the country directly after the murder had suspicion not been directed to him. It only shows that no matter how carefully planned a crime may be, some loophole is always left. Murder will out."

"Did you ever get paid for your loan?" asked the listener, after the tale was ended.

"No," replied the pawnbroker. "My only pay was a ticket which admitted me to the execution of the murderer."—New York Graphic.

EVEN THE BIGGARS RIDE.

OLD THINGS A CORRESPONDENT SAW IN URUGUAY.

The City of Montevideo—A Curious Way to Make Butter—Beggars on Horseback in the Streets.

William E. Curtis writes as follows from Montevideo to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*: There is no city more delightfully situated than the capital of Uruguay, and viewed from any direction the prospect of Montevideo is a lovely one. Vital statistics give it the small death rate in the world, and the climate is a mixture of June and October. Were it not for those dreadful gales called "pamperos," which, during the winter season, sweep the whole southern half of the continent from the Andes to the sea, searching every nook and crevice for dust to cast into the faces of the people, and parching the skin, this place might be made an earthly type of Paradise. But nothing can afford shelter from those searching winds, and even strawberries the year around are no compensation.

Montevideo is built upon a limestone reef like a turtle's back, which extends about two miles into the Rio Plata, and a slopes from the center in either direction to the sea's edge, so that the drainage is perfect, and the streets in the middle of the town are 200 feet higher than those along the beach. This ridge shelters a hemispherical bay from the storms that come from the Atlantic, but against the pamperos, which are more severe, the shipping has no protection whatever, and when they come vessels prefer to run outside, where they can have plenty of sea room, to taking the risk of collisions in the harbor, for an anchor is of very little use in a pampero. Around the curve of the bay, fronting the water, are series of beautiful villas, "casas," as they are called (pronounced kassas), the suburban residences of wealthy men, built in the ancient Italian style, with all the luxury and lavish display of modern extravagance, and remaining one of the Pompeian palaces, or the Roman villas in the golden age which Horace pictured in his odes. Of the most picturesque architecture, these residences would be anywhere attractive, but here they are surrounded by a perpetual garden and thousands of flowers, which preserve their color and their fragrance winter and summer, and give the place an appearance of everlasting spring.

Uruguay is as progressive as the Argentine Republic, and is quite as full of modern improvements. There are many beautiful residences and fine stores in Montevideo, and the people proudly boast that anything can be found there that can be bought in Paris. There are three theatres and an Italian opera, a race-course, and any number of clubs, a university, public library, museum, and all the accoutrements of modern civilization. The ladies dress in the height of Paris fashion, and among the aristocracy social life is very gay. The people are highly educated, are making money fast, and spend it like princes. The Hotel Oriental is the best in South America, being built of Italian marble and luxuriously furnished; and there are more daily papers in proportion to the population than in any city in the world; an illustrated weekly journal is published, and a monthly literary magazine; there are hospitals, asylums, and other benevolent institutions supported by public and private charity; two Protestant churches, several Protestant schools; fifty-five miles of street railways, carrying 9,000,000 passengers a year—which is a remarkably high average for a city of 120,000 people; boulevards and parks, gas and electric lights, telephones without number, and only now and then does something occur to remind a tourist that he is not in one of the most modern of cities.

One of the curious customs is the manufacture of butter. The dairyman pours the milk, while still warm, into an inflated pig or goat skin, hitches it to his saddle by a long lasso, and gallops five or six miles to town with the milk sack pounding along on the road behind him. When he reaches the city his churning is over, the butter is made, and he peddles it from door to door, dipping out the quantity desired by each family with a long wooden spoon. Though all sorts of modern agricultural machinery are used on the farms of Uruguay, no amount of persuasion can induce the natives to adopt the woolen churn. Some of the foreigners use them, but the butter is said to be not so good as that made in this curious primitive fashion. Fresh milk is sold by driving cows from door to door along the principal streets and milking them into the jars brought out by the customers.

The standing army of Uruguay consists of 5,000 men, mostly concentrated at the capital. Their uniform is of the zouave pattern, with the exception of the president's body-guard, a battalion of 300 or 400 men, dressed in a novel and striking costume of leopard skins. There are several fine bands connected with the army which give concerts on alternate evenings in the plazas, which are attended by all classes of people, and furnish an opportunity for flirtations.

Everybody rides. No one thinks of walking. Each family has its carriage and saddle horse, and even the beggars go about the streets on horseback. It is a common thing to be stopped on the street by a horseman and asked for a "centavo," which is worth two and a half cents of our money. These incidents are somewhat startling at first, and suggest highway robbery, but a closer appeal is made in such a humble, pitiful tone that the feeling of alarm soon vanishes.

"For the love of Jesus, give a poor, sick man a centavo. I've had no bread or coffee to day." And receiving the pittance the beggar will gallop off like a cowboy to the nearest drinking place.

The national drink is called cana (pronounced canyah), and is made of the fermented juice of the sugar cane. It contains about ninety per cent. alcohol, and is sold at two cents a goblet, so that a spree in Uruguay is within the reach of the poorest man. But there is very little intemperance in comparison with that in our own country. On ordinary days drunken men are seldom seen upon the streets, but on the evening after a religious feast the common people usually engage in a glorious carousal.

The vestibules of the tenement houses, and the patios or courts which invariably furnish a cool loafing place in the center of the city are commonly paved with the knuckle bones of sheep, ar-

ranged in fantastic designs like mosaic work. They always attract the attention of strangers, and it is a standing joke to tell the tenderfoot that they are the knuckle bones of human beings killed during the many revolutions.

The ladies of Uruguay are considered to rank next to their sisters of Peru in beauty, and there is something about the atmosphere which gives the complexion a purity and clearness that is not elsewhere found. But when they reach maturity, like all Spanish ladies, they lose their grace and symmetry of form, and become very stout. This is undoubtedly owing in a great degree to their lack of exercise, for they never walk, but spend their entire lives in a carriage or a rocking chair.

The policemen in Montevideo are detailed from the army and carry sabers instead of clubs, which they use with telling effect upon offenders who resist arrest. A few years ago there was no safety for people who were out late at night either in the city or the country; robberies and murders were of frequent occurrence, and the prisons were empty. But President Santos rules with an iron hand, and after a few highwaymen and murderers were hanged, there was a noticeable change in the condition of affairs, and now a woman or a child is as safe upon the streets or highways of the country as in their own homes.

When one becomes so convinced that he can't be taught, he and a fool wear the same style of cap.

Nobody is perfect, but forbearance and love do much to soften the irritable, hard edges of existence.

Good fortune seldom comes pure and single, unattended by some troublesome or unexpected circumstance.

If all would realize that cruelty is as bitter to others as it is to themselves, there would be less of it practiced.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company you please none. If you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

No character can possibly embrace all types of perfection, for the perfection of a type depends not only upon the virtues that constitute it, but upon the order and prominence assigned to them.

Prejudices are like the knots in the glass of our windows. They alter the shape of everything that we choose to look at through them; they make straight things crooked and everything indistinct.

Sympathy produces harmony: it smooths off the rough edges of conflicting characters; it brings the cheeriness of the hopeful to chase away the fears of the desponding; it draws reinforcement for the weakness or the want of some from the wealth or strength of others.

Searing the Chinaman.

The engineer of an ocean steamship in the course of a conversation with a New York *Tribune* reporter said: "I have on a book in the engine room a curious table of dates and figures, which shows me the exact time for every mile made by different steamers which I have engineered across the ocean for the last fourteen years. If anything more than usual occurs I jot it down opposite the date, and so make a sort of diary of it. It speaks volumes to me, and recalls many interesting memories. For instance, I was looking through it the other day, and I found opposite November 10, 1875, a reference to a visit from Chinamen. The incident was recalled to my mind in a moment, and I laughed heartily over it to myself. This is what I meant. One day while lying in port we were visited by several Chinamen who were anxious to inspect the ship. They were an ignorant set, and had never seen any machinery worked by steam. The captain was a good-natured fellow and allowed them to come below, although they experienced some doubts as to the advisability of so doing. They were very timid, and it took some time for me to convince them that the machinery was harmless. Finally I got two of them to come close to the heavy driving rod, which you know on a large vessel is an enormous piece of iron. Suddenly, without warning, it gave a start forward, and accompanied by a loud puff of steam, leaped fully ten feet above our heads. Angry at my assistant for letting on steam without my knowledge, I turned to speak to him when my attention was attracted toward the stairway. The last two Chinamen of the party were making frantic endeavors to jump up half a dozen steps at a time. The rest had disappeared, and before I could get on deck the whole crowd had got into their boat and started for the shore. No amount of persuasion could ever get them to return to that ship, which they claimed was alive. It was a mean trick, but it has afforded me a good laugh since."

Man's Deepest Emotion.

The deepest emotion that man knows is love. If, like the air plants, its roots are upward, and love works with moral sentiment, it is divine, and is that atmosphere through which the image, the ideal, the true thought of God is to make itself known.

It is the great end toward which all creation is tending. The discovery of that thought has been of inconceivable comfort to me, for I have seen the human race beginning at the lowest state of an animalism, gasping, cruel; I have seen the animal creation organized for cruelty—the shark, the leopard, the lion, as if destructiveness was part and parcel of the original creative design. Out of it I have seen little by little emerging other qualities; love of cubs and whelps; with slow steps I have seen the animal creation reach to the level of the human family, and that family under our myic influence, which we cannot cast a cure, for it seems to contradict nature at every step; I have seen the steady unfolding toward intelligence, toward refinement, toward imagination, whose eyes are away from organized matter; of ancient and the law of unfolding at last seems this: To set the whole of creation upon a march from the lowest form of unorganized matter up through every variation of organization, through every form of passion, still seeking it knows not what, until later ages descend that star that all creation is seeking and around which it is revolving; and love is that, and it is the final end of creation.—*Harold Wars* *Bocher*.

Essex County Herald

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NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Cable cord is much worn. Seal holds its favor with the public. Red is much worn by children this winter.

Hoods on street wraps are much worn in Paris. The brooch or round pin is fast becoming popular.

Long circulars lined with sable are being much called for.

Japanese belles, with rich papas, order their dresses from Paris.

Miss Laura Braden is president of the Washington, Penn., railroad.

Sealskin sacques come in short lengths. Some have loose pointed fronts.

For shoulder capes are to be worn, not so fastidiously as last winter.

Lemon